

# MOURNING QUEEN.

Services on the  
Island of  
Hawaii.

SERMON BY REV.  
C. H. TOMPKINS

Tribute To the Life of the Great  
Woman Who Passed  
Away.

(Special Correspondence.)

HAMAKUA, Hawaii, Feb. 6.—Very impressive memorial services were held in Hamakua on Sunday at the picturesque chapel in Paauilo and the Lyceum at Honokaa. In both places black drapery and white flowers gave expression to the sorrowful feelings of the many subjects under the late much-lamented sovereign of the British Empire.

Appropriate lessons, psalms and hymns were selected for the occasion and before large congregations a most tender and loyal tribute was paid to Her Majesty's memory as "A good Queen, a good wife, a good mother," by a vigorous sermon from Rev. C. H. Tompkins, chaplain to the Paauilo and Papaaloo plantations.

The sermon was as follows:

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations.—Lamentations, i:1.

"Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death.—Lamentations, i:20.

"The joy of our heart hath ceased, our dance is turned into mourning.—Lamentations, vi:10.

Such words which form part of the sorrowful dirges over the fall of Jerusalem, seem now to apply forcibly to the great sorrow that has befallen the British Empire, in a masterly stroke to paint the tragic panorama that has in a few days been enacted in the world's greatest city at the very opening of this new century.

But yesterday the streets of London were thronged with rejoicing multitudes, garlands and flags on all sides, expressive of national rejoicing, brightened the scene, loud cheers ringing the air, expressed the hearty welcome and admiration felt by all for the hero of the day.

For the whole of the past year the eyes of the world have been upon Lord Roberts in South Africa, and now he has returned; so heartily a greeting has been given him, not because he has achieved a bloody victory and broken the power of a hated enemy, but as an expression of admiration because all civilized nations have paid him the magnificent tribute that he has accomplished what seemed an almost impossible task in a masterly way, exhibiting throughout a true Christian spirit of charity and forbearance to friend and foe alike. Going forth in humble dependence upon God for help and strength, he was not forgetful of attributing to Him the honor and praise in the hour of victory, telegraphing to Sir George White, 'The Lord hath answered our prayers.' Thus ever ready to honor God, he has realized the truth of God's promise, 'Them that honor me I will honor.' England is rightly proud of such a man. The nation looks to him as she welcomes him back, but how little can the people do! How feebly give expression to their joyful pride! But the sovereign sees her people's wishes—as a true Queen, she reads the nation's heart, and as a mother she is the first lovingly to welcome England's son home again, who has laid out his best in the services of the empire and its beloved sovereign.

So beautifully did Queen Victoria express her people's feelings when, in greeting him home, she bestowed on Lord Roberts the greatest honors that were in her power to bestow. The nation feels proud of her Queen, proud of their veteran hero, and united in their great national rejoicings.

But today, 'How doth the city sit solitary, which was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations. . . . Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death. . . . The joy of our heart hath ceased; our dance is turned into mourning.'—Lamentations, i:1-2.

The echo of enthusiastic cheers has hardly died away: the bright garlands of flowers are flung aside; the floating flags by trembling hands have been lowered to half-mast; the deep notes of muffled bells from cathedral, abbey and church fall upon the ear; the streets that were full of people now seem deserted; signs of deep mourning greet one on every hand, and with sorrowful spirit men greet fellow men. Victoria, the noble and beloved Queen and Empress, the tender-hearted, sympathetic widow, the true, loving mother, is no more. The heart of Great Britain is now torn with almost indescribable grief—and not Great Britain alone, but India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and vast portions of Africa, north, south, east and west, mourn the loss of a beloved sovereign, the loss being no less felt in Calcutta, Ottawa, Sydney, Wellington, Cape Town and numerous other great cities, than it is in London today; and we know that the United States of America, that in time past have stood by Great Britain in time of need, now truly express their heartfelt sympathy with the great loss of Great Britain's Queen. The royal families of Germany, Russia, Denmark and Portugal are each related to our late beloved sovereign, besides many other members of Royal households in foreign lands. Might we not almost say the whole world mourns Great Britain's loss? Yes! Well indeed might it be said, since hardly a portion of the inhabited world could be found that has not come under her blessed influence for good. Ask the people of the many tribes that inhabit the vast Empire of India, to what do they attribute their increased prosperity, their advance in education and peace, where in the past there has been so much tribal warfare, and they will reply, 'To the beneficial influence of their God-fearing Empress.'

Ask the Maoris of New Zealand, the aborigines of Australia, or the freed slaves in West and East Africa to what do they owe their freedom from slavery, men now to be treated no longer as chattels but as fellow-men and fellow-subjects; and they will reply to the good influence of Great Britain's and their much-beloved Queen. Or ask the Shah of Persia, Khedive of Egypt, the King of Siam or the King of Uganda to what did the good Queen owe such influence, such power. Was it to the enormous army and navy at her beck and call? Was it to the influence of amassed wealth? Or to the advance of science and art in her realm? Nay! To all monarchs who visited the English Court inquiring the

source of so much power apparently contained in so small an island home, our beloved sovereign had but one reply, as her hand rested on God's Word, saying, 'On this is my empire built; here is our strength.'

'I will be good,' was the noble resolve made by the young Princess when, at the age of twelve, it was first made known to her the prospect of being sovereign of so great an empire—and the verdict of an unparalleled reign of sixty-three years has been 'a truly good Queen, a good wife, a good mother.'

Yes, Victoria proved herself a good Queen, not a mere ruler in name only, Queen, merely an occupant of Great Britain's throne, but a good sovereign, who ever had the welfare of her people at heart; who ever worked indefatigably for their good. Look at the great changes that have taken place throughout the empire during Her Majesty's long reign. Societies and missions for the propagation of God's Word have multiplied in numbers, and all previously instituted have marvellously increased in their staffs of workers, with many of which the Queen was personally connected. Hospitals, orphanages, and almshouses have grown apace, under her helping hand, many of the sick and suffering having realized the privilege of living under such a ruler, having known the joy of a loving word of sympathy from the Queen herself, that has greatly brightened their lot. Many a time has the Royal lady proved herself a true woman, when, as a visitor, she has sat with the aged and sick poor in their humble cottages, giving them true comfort from the pages of God's Word of Life, and with that admirable tact quickly perceiving any wants there felt, it immediately became her delight to supply those means as far as it lay in her power.

Does it not speak volumes of the greatness of that heart for the true love that went out to her people, especially the sick poor, when we look upon that splendid body of ladies in England known as 'The Queen's Nurses,' a body organized at the Queen's Jubilee of 1897, when Her Majesty was asked to what end she would wish a vast sum of money subscribed by many of her subjects in order to make her some presentation to be devoted, she asked that it might be used for providing competent nurses for her poorest subjects, too poor to subscribe comfort to them in their sicknesses—a noble philanthropic work which is represented in most of England's large towns today. Yes; it will not be in the court or mansions of the land alone that her loss will be mourned, but in many a humble cottage home. Yes, and among many homeless ones, true tears of mourning will be shed. Many millions of this world's people paying her memory that splendid tribute, 'I feel I have lost a friend.' Yes, I hear it away on the North Sea, among those hardy toilers of the deep. I hear it from that poor orphan boy, a ragged urchin, whose home is on the streets; I hear it away on the lonely desert wild, among the moving tribes of Arabia; I hear it in the further South among the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego; I hear it from the rescued negro slaves in the heart of dark Africa.

Yes, our beloved Queen has that magnificent tribute paid to her blessed memory from all quarters of the globe, 'I feel I have lost a friend.'

VICTORIA PROVED HERSELF A GOOD WIFE.

It was no political arrangement that made Prince Albert the Queen's husband, as has been so often the case in Royal marriages, but Prince Albert was the husband of her choice; their marriage was a matter of true love; their married life was beautiful and happy, but within the sacred circle of such a life of love no one has a right to enter, although Royal lives are considered public property. But for one moment we stand on the threshold of that beautiful work of art, that magnificent Albert Memorial chapel, in the park-like grounds on the river's bank, at Windsor, and read this simple record, 'To the beloved memory of Albert, the Great and Good Prince Consort, raised by his broken-hearted widow, Victoria, R.' Magnificent as that memorial is, a far more noble tribute has been paid to his dear memory by the constant loving devotion of his 'broken-hearted widow' through forty long years of widowhood. Oh, what a tender chord of sympathy did that fierce blow strike in her heart, which has harmonized in the hearts of others who have passed through like affliction! Many a time has a tender message gone from that Royal widow to a similarly afflicted one which has come as a balm of wondrous comfort. Who can forget that mingling incident, North Wales, where some hundred of men were imprisoned in the coal pits? Day after day telegrams were passing from the pit's mouth to the Queen in her stately home, till after some two weeks or more, all were brought to the light with but few of the men still living. 'The Queen' seemed that England's Royal widow left her home to stand as an afflicted woman among the afflicted, and mingle her tears with theirs.

VICTORIA PROVED HERSELF A GOOD MOTHER.

It is in this relationship that good Queen Victoria has so endeared herself to all her subjects. We not only remind ourselves of that loving position in which we have last looked upon her—staying among mothers at home, all looking forward with such eagerness for news of their boys in the war. It was not for nothing, though, that her subjects so strongly recommend it, to go away to the health-giving atmosphere of the sunny south, while her sons were away at the war. There she must stay where she could be most in touch with them, where she could most cheer them, where she could speak to those brave ones returning to the home-land, wounded, where she could best speak with loving sympathy to the mothers who, like herself, had lost a boy. It is in this loving relationship of mother that has so truly endeared her to the royal sons of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, who hand in hand have together fought for their dear empire and their respected Royal mother. And may we not say that still, like her self-chosen part, a share in the hardships and toils of war, that our aged Queen has passed away, the report having reached us that an over-taxed brain has caused her death? What pageants there have been in times past in honor of our good Queen Victoria! What spectacles and royal splendor the two Jubilee celebrations, especially the most recent one of 1897! Some said that could only be surpassed by a grand pageant there would be at so great a sovereign's death. Aye; that pageant has been far surpassed—not by an assembly of monarchs from almost every kingdom upon earth, with accompanying retinues of Princes and Dukes, who met to pay their last tribute to the loved memory of Great Britain's departed Queen within the grey walls of Westminster's ancient Abbey, but above before the massed angelic choirs, whose perfect songs of praise ring through the heavenly realms—there in Royal pageant among the greatest of earth—apostles, martyrs, saints, who met to pay their last tribute to the universal verdict, 'A good Queen, a good wife, a good mother.' Well done, thou good and faithful servant!

In our departed sovereign's new joy of loving and loyal subjects, cannot but be, though in our loss we cannot but mourn.

May God grant us grace so in the footsteps of our sainted Queen to walk, following her good examples of dependence upon God for help and strength, that with her we too may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom.

Read the Advertiser.

# ONLY A BELL BUOY BUT IT CAUSED THE WONDERING NAVIES ANXIOUS HOURS

HONOLULU port has only one bell-buoy, and in the possession of this there is a strange story. For over seven years the doubtful tones of the clanging bell at the top of the swaying wooden structure has rung out its warning from its station at the end of the dangerous coral reefs. Previous to that its story is a story of travel.

About eight years ago a terrific storm swept the northland and lashed the waters of Puget Sound into furious foam. Lucky the vessels that were safely anchored that night, and uncertain the fate of those on the deep.

tone was borne in on the wind, followed now and then by another—lotely, mysterious sounds that caused the natives on the shore to huddle together and shiver at the dread powers of the Kahuna.

The next day they saw a peculiar wooden thing bobbing about upon the water, not far from shore, and the dismal sound seemed to come from it. Some white men from Oahu Island heard of it and went out to it in a boat. It was towed to shore and later the Board of Public Works brought it to Honolulu, where it was repainted and stationed out beyond the reefs, with a



All night long the storm raged, while the lighthouse keepers kept their lamps trimmed and burning, in the hope of guiding bewildered ships aright. The circle of bell-buoys about the harbor tossed high with the waves and kept up a dismal clanging. Of these latter, when the morning came and the storm was gone, there was one less. It had been torn from its moorings by the force of the storm and had been carried out by the tide.

Nearly a year afterwards the natives of Kauai Island were startled one dark night by a strange sound coming from the sea. Down at the beach they heard it, and they held their breaths, looking at each other in fear. A dismal

heavier anchor and extra weights, lest it resume its travels.

This it has not done. That one long journey, probably over three thousand miles, and by a route no one will ever know, may have satisfied the wandering proclivities of the old bell-buoy. It was many months in making the journey and there is no record of its travels nor anything whereby to judge of its experiences except that some sailors on a wandering sailing vessel told some queer tales of strange sounds at sea during the time the buoy was unaccounted for. Out in the middle of the ocean one dark night, when the waves were tossing high, while they struggled with the ropes, there came to them

dismal, weird, awe-inspiring sounds, the like of which never came from passing vessels. They had hailed and fired shots in vain; there was no regularity of response and no sound save that lonely and mysterious tone. When

they heard it their rugged faces blanched and they were silent in superstitious fear.

Next morning there was nothing to be seen, though they scanned the sea with curious eyes, grown bolder for the light of day.

Where the buoy went, and just how it happened to find its way to the little islands in the middle of the great ocean are things that no man will answer. It may have roamed the ocean aimlessly, following the will of the winds and currents, from one continent to another, or it may have made directly for tropical climes. At any rate it had never tipped, and it traveled the deep upright and clanging all the way. It was in perfect order when it came to Kauai, only requiring to be freshly painted before taking up its duties of guarding the coral-wreathed harbor of Honolulu. It is still dimly ringing and will continue to give forth its doleful cry of warning for many years to come, against wreck and destruction.

# THE MISSING LINK. Pithecanthropus Hunting in Far-Off Java.

Pithecanthropus hunting is quite the latest and rarest sport to excite the enthusiasm of the rich. The Vanderbilt millions are being drawn upon to equip an American expedition for its pursuit. A German party will also enter the chase at an early date.

But who or what is pithecanthropus? In the vulgar jargon of the laity he is better known as the plain, common, everyday "missing link." He is that half-man, half-ape creature long sought to fill the lamented gap in the Darwinian chain. He is to be seriously sought in the far-off jungles of Java, which science suspects to be the most promising field for his apprehension. George Vanderbilt is to defray the expenses of the American hunters, who will be led by the field by David J. Walters of New Haven, Conn. The German party is being organized by Prof. Ernest Haeckel, the eminent naturalist of Jena.

Now, a pithecanthropus hunt would at the very first blush appear to be perilous sport. The public will soon be eager to learn whether the much-prized ape-man is to be bagged, trapped, lassoed or shot—whether he is to be captured dead or alive. The very idea of his importation, alive, within the pale of civilization suggests the advent of a second Frankenstein monster such as might, by dint of semi-brute force and semi-human genius, break its confines and play havoc with our wives and babies.

Perhaps it was with these qualms that the writer yesterday hastened to Dr. Theodore N. Gill, the celebrated naturalist and evolutionist, and found that genial gentleman in his ivy-covered tower room in the much-bepinnacled Smithsonian.

"Of course these expeditions hope to find only the fossil remains of pithecanthropus," said the doctor. "They are going to make their researches in Java because it was there that Dr. Eugene Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon and paleontologist, recently found partial remains of what many naturalists believe to have been a creature intermediate between ape and man. Dubois made the discovery on the bank of the Bangawan, near Trinil, in the central part of the island. The remains lay in a bed of rock thirteen or fifteen yards below the vegetable soil. They consisted of the lower portion of a skull, two molar teeth and a thigh bone. From the size of the skull it has been judged that the brain of the creature must have been greater than that of any ape yet found and too small for any human being—that is, in proportion to the size of the body

as indicated by the other remains. The teeth have been pronounced as similar to those of man in that they are hollow at the crown, yet like those of the ape in that they diverge at the roots. The thigh bone indicates that the creature walked in an upright position—in the posture of a man. The name "pithecanthropus," which from its Greek derivation, means "ape-man," was first used in 1888 by Prof. Haeckel. The full technical name now is "pithecanthropus erectus," in other words, "an ape-man standing erect."

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD.

Dubois found the pithecanthropus bones in earth deposits representing the tertiary or geologic period. This fact indicates that the animal lived and died during that time, which was hundreds of thousands—perhaps less than a million years ago.

"How long was probably required for the complete change from ape to man?" "A couple of hundred thousand years was sufficient time, I should think. It is not probable that the civilization of which we learn from the earliest records could have been attained unless after man had been on earth over 100,000 years. The historic period goes back probably 5,000 or 6,000 years from the present."

"Was this change from ape to man probably taking place at various parts of the earth at the same time?"

"It probably occurred in one limited area. It was so gradual that it would have been impossible for one living during this time to have determined which creature was ape and which was man. It was simply the result of an innate tendency to vary in a particular direction, a tendency which manifested itself in this single area. Conditions were favorable to the development. Advantages were furnished to the being with new attributes. Then there was the result that the race thus propagated rapidly spread over the neighboring lands, in a comparatively short time, geologically speaking."

"We will suppose that back in these ages there was an ape, like the present chimpanzee, which exhibited superior intelligence and learned to fight with sticks or clubs rather than with tooth and claws. This new faculty he transmitted to his descendants, who developed short-arms, more efficient for the new mode of warfare. Those having the shorter arms, therefore, survived and multiplied in the struggle for life. The canine teeth were less used and on this account became smaller and reduced to a level with the others. The gaps between the teeth gradually closed as the jaws, used less for fighting, grew smaller. The mus-

cles of the jaws likewise became reduced and the ridges which held them to the skull became less prominent. As this superior intelligence developed, the brain and its cavity grew larger. As the arms grew shorter the legs became more and more convenient for locomotion, and thus was the erect posture developed. The ape ancestor, of course, had no tail; hence that appendage was not a part of pithecanthropus in any stage of its development."

THE PROBABLE HOME.

"Do you believe Java to be the proper place to seek pithecanthropus? If you were to set out to find him, would you go there first?"

"Were I to go out and look for pithecanthropus, my only guide would be the knowledge of where probable specimens had been already found. I would go in their neighborhood."

"This area in which man was evolved from the ape I believe to have been India, and I include Java under the general head of India. In the late tertiary of India there existed a genus ape to which the chimpanzee belonged. It is very possible that man was evolved from his stock. Although man's nearest relatives now living are the African chimpanzee and gorilla, that old ape of India was probably nearer the line of our ancestry than any of the African species. The latter were, in a geologic sense, probably late comers into Africa. It would be useless to seek pithecanthropus in Europe. Moreover, there was never a tribe of such creatures in America. Man had perfectly developed before he came to this continent. The first man in America was not very different from man as found here today. In the course of time, everything varied, and man has undoubtedly varied in color and physique from his ancestral parents who came to America. The first man to reach our shores from Asia arrived ten or twenty thousand years ago, roughly guessing."

NO LIVE ONES IN EXISTENCE.

"Is it not barely possible that a live pithecanthropus may some time be found upon earth?"

"No. The evolution from ape to man is not now in progress, as it used to be. The struggle for existence has crowded out all intermediate links between ape and man. The pithecanthropus which originally occupied the same ground with early man did not have the intelligence to successfully compete with him in the struggle for existence. But the ape proper continued to live in the regions hostile to man. Had they occupied territory necessary or favorable to man they would have long been out of existence, as they practically now are, except in limited parts of Africa and Borneo."

"Suppose the Vanderbilt and Haeckel expeditions were to find a live pithecanthropus; how would he look?"

"That would depend upon the stage of his transition. If representing an early stage he would be bowlegged and would have short lower limbs and long upper limbs. If representing the later stage his legs would appear straighter and better developed; his arms almost as short as man's. He would have considerable hair on his head, and between it would be seen his black skin. His cranium or brain cavity would be larger and deeper than that of man. His jaws would be more prominent than those of the most

NOTED FOREIGN MURDERERS EXECUTED.

Two murderers, whose crimes attracted considerable attention in Europe last year, have just been beheaded. One was the Swede, Nordlund, who killed seven persons on the steamer Prinz Karl in May. The other was Gonzi, who killed a widow and her daughter in Berlin three years ago and was convicted after being extradited from Argentina, where he had taken refuge. He protested that he was innocent and left unsolved the legal knot as to whether mother or daughter was the first. The distribution of the victim's property, which amounted to several million marks, depends on the decision of that question.